

## Coordinated Movement

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Summary: Red vs Blue SLASH! Yaoi, BL, malemale. You have fair warning. PreBlood Gulch Chronicles. Captain Flowers centric. FlowersSarge. A little Church in there, but not as a pairing with anyone.

## Coordinated Movement

"Captain Flowers, yo cappy what up? Butchâ€|Buuuuutch?"

Captain Butch Flowers woke groggily in his seat to an annoying high pitched voice over the communications system on his shuttle. The fact that his state of space travel hibernation had ended while he was obviously still en route worried him.

"Come on cappy, wakey wakey, time to get up!"

Flowers groaned but reached over and flicked a switch on the console. The voice only communications switched over to the screen, where a goofy smile and a crew cut almost made the captain 'accidentally' hang up.

"Why hello Vic. It'sâ€|early. How are you doing today?" Flowers tried, attempting to keep his voice pleasant. After all, this was his only liaison to Blue Command and he had to polite to the people who gave him his orders.

"Oh you know, busy trying to get out commands. And it hurts when I pee again, how about you?"

"Erâ€|fine, I guess," said Flowers.

He looked around before finding the display screen which told him it was a full two weeks before he was supposed to arrive at his new post. Blood Gulch outpost Alpha.

"So Vic, why am I awake? I'm not nearly close to Blood Gulch."

The man scratched his head and Flowers could tell immediately that he was about to give him some sort of bad news. He'd been having such a nice hibernation too. Relaxing. Just him and his private shuttle. No other Blue Army soldiers had been sent with him on his new stationing, and so he was enjoying his little cross-galaxy journey.

"Well Captain Butch, dude, I hate to do this to ya. The big boss men here at Blue Command told me I had to give you a ringy ding and tell ya to shift your course to the ice planet of Sidewinder. Apparently the Blue Team that was set up there had someâ€¦erâ€¦problems."

Flowers did not like the sound of that. But if there were Blues in trouble, he couldn't really argue. He sat himself up in his seat and gave a firm salute. Vic just nodded and tried to return it, only ending up half smacking himself in the forehead.

"Ow dude."

Flowers winced but tried to move on, asking Vic for all the details. He was soon filled in on the story of the Blue Team on Sidewinder.

Freelancer hired by the Reds. All Blues wiped out save one. Single Blue survivor is currently imprisoned in the Sidewinder Red Base. Mission: infiltrate base and free Blue prisoner. If freedom of Blue prisoner cannot be obtained, Blue prisoner is to be executed on the spot, to avoid an information leak.

Flowers asked for any useful information Vic had on the Red squadron posted on Sidewinder. All he could tell him was that there were multiple platoons, each with their own commanding officer, and that they had received a supply drop along with new recruits only weeks earlier.

"Then you can keep on keeping on and head to Blood Gulch. They're pretty desperate for a new commanding officer out there. Good luck man, don't forget your mittens!"

Vic signed off and Flowers sighed heavily at the relief of the annoying Blue phone operator being gone.

He wasn't a spy, these kinds of missions weren't what he was cut out for. He was a soldier. A captain. His job was to keep his men organized and under control. And hopefully take out a few Reds in his spare time.

Leaning over to the console he brought up his shuttle's trajectory. Vic had already sent over the coordinates of Sidewinder. His shuttle was passing closest to the planet now, according to his original trajectory. Obviously Blue Command wasn't always as inept as they seemed. With a quick change in course he would be there in a day, maybe a little less if he put some more power into the thrusters.

'So much for nice warm Blood Gulch.'

The captain leaned back and pressed his fingers against his eyes, sighing and trying to fend off the headache that he usually got when

coming out of hibernation.

Flowers didn't even start thinking about what he was going to do if he couldn't successfully infiltrate an entire base full of Reds with absolutely no backup. Forget killing some poor soldier who had his whole platoon wiped out. Flowers wasn't sure he would get close enough to end the poor sap's life.

"Well isn't this just peachyâ€|"

Grumbling to himself, the captain headed to his survival kits and spare supplies that were shoved into the locker in the back of the shuttle.

Flowers grabbed a nutrition bar from the supplies and closed his locker, his eyes catching his reflection in the small mirror stuck to the outside of the door. He leaned in closer, taking in his slightly haggard appearance. His eyes were red and dry from sleep, making his green eyes even greener than usual. His shoulder length hair was coming out of its ponytail, wavy strands framing his face and making him look like he'd just rolled out of bed. Which he kind of did.

If a shuttle pilot seat counted as a bed.

"Can't go down looking like something the cat dragged inâ€|" Flower said, preferring to ignore the fact that he had a habit of talking to himself when he was alone.

He pulled out the hair tie that was holding his hair back in a ponytail, running his fingers through it to comb out some of the knots, and pulling it right back up.

"There we go. Much better," he smiled to himself in the mirror, trying to get the bags under his eyes to go away by pure force of will.

Flowers looked at the console, which was now projecting his shuttle's landing location, and predicting how long it would take. Twenty hours and twelve minutes. Certainly not long enough for him to get tired enough again to sleep. Instead he peeled open his nutrition bar, shoving it into his mouth as he sat down on the only seat in the shuttle other than the pilot's.

His armor sat by, gleaming a dull cyan in the weak lights of the shuttle.

He reached under his armor and pulled out his assault rifle, noticing it had a thin layer of dust coating it. He began disassembling and cleaning it, not wanting his weapon to malfunction in the middle of his new mission.

"Yeahâ€|because one Blue with an assault rifle taking on a whole base of Reds is going to work," he mumbled around his half eaten nutrition bar. "Son of a bitchâ€|"

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Flowers pulled the ship off of autopilot as he eased it down through the atmosphere. Luckily Sidewinder spent so much time in blizzard conditions that ground radar was almost useless for detecting

incoming spaceships, let alone one tiny shuttle.

The blowing drifts were causing his flight to be a little more difficult than he had planned on, but with a couple of adjustments he found himself skimming along a wide open plain of snow. Up ahead was a range of mountains, beyond which lay the two bases.

His shuttle's engines kicked up waves of snow as he powered low along the ground. As he approached the mountains he slowed up on the accelerator and brought his ship to as gentle a landing as he could manage.

Unfortunately snow does not make the best landing platform, and so Captain Flowers found his shuttle nose first in a snow drift.

A warning light was flashing on the control panel, but the captain simply slammed his fist on it and it stopped. He smiled at the simplicity of the solution and proceeded to prepare to leave his shuttle.

Strapping on his armor over his under armor was always a comforting experience. With each heavy piece added, he felt more and more at home. He was a soldier and the MJOLNIR armor was his uniform.

Also the fact that the temperature gauge for outside was reading -70°F made his armor seem all the more welcoming. His cyan armor would surely make him stand out as soon as he got too close to the Red base.

"Manâ€¦I'm not cut out for this spy stuffâ€¦" he grumbled to himself as he stepped out of the shuttle into the cold. He sunk a good foot straight into the snow bank and slowly began trudging up to the peak of the mountain he had landed on.

His suit kept him from feeling any of the cold, but weighing a thousand pounds wasn't the best way to travel through loose terrain. Like snow. All his energy went to keeping himself moving and having to plow his way through the snow, using his assault rifle to push the growing banks along his sides out of the way.

Flowers finally made it over the peak and found the other slope of the mountain noticeably rockier. Good for travel, but not as good for stealthiness. The mountains formed a sort of shield around this small valley, keeping out the stronger winds and layers of snow. Below him, at the foot of the mountain was the Red base, complete with Red guards on patrol.

Trying to keep his armor behind rocks as often as possible, Flowers crept down along the slope. Not far down from where he had come over the peak was a small tunnel entrance. He assumed that this would lead down to the base below and was more careful as he approached. No doubt there would be a guard stationed here.

A large outcropping would make a perfect hiding place, if he could only make it there. He barely peaked his helmet around the edge of his current hiding place, and didn't see any soldiers in the area. With a calming breath he leapt out, rolling his heavy armor over the light dusting of snow on the ground, and found himself behind the jutting rocks of the Cliffside.

"Huh?"

'Uh oh.' The captain thought as he heard the curious sound. The guard must have been walking along his patrol and just come by in time to catch some of Flower's movement. Thinking fast he grabbed a rock and threw it at the boulder he'd been hiding behind a second earlier, the sound loud and distinct in the peaceful quiet of this side of the mountain.

He heard the Red's footsteps crunching through the fresh snow as he ran to the boulder where he'd heard the noise. As soon as he passed Flowers leapt up and slammed the butt of his gun into the back of the man's neck, right where there was a gap between the Spartan helmet and armor.

The Red dropped like a ton of bricks and Flowers wasted no time grabbing his body and hoisting it up over one shoulder. A thousand pounds may sound heavy, but to a MJOLNIR suit it was easy as hoisting a sack of potatoes over one's shoulder.

Still mindful of how visible he was, especially now that he was hiding two Spartans, Flowers hurried back up the cliff. As soon as he climbed back over the peak a blast of cold wind and snow caught him and he had to hunker down in the heavy drifts to keep his balance.

The trip down to his shuttle was easier, since he was able to follow the impromptu path he had made on his way up. The unconscious soldier made it a bit of a tight fit, but for the most part he was a small hassle. Arriving at his shuttle, Flowers climbed in and shut the door, letting the ship's life support and heating kick in.

As he took off the Red's helmet, he saw that the soldier was still nothing more than a young kid. Must have been a greenhorn. Fresh out of boot camp by the look of him. He had been debating whether to kill the soldier or not, but then decided that it wouldn't be right to kill someone so young. Instead he fished around in his emergency kit and found a small bottle of morphine. He pulled off more pieces of armor, and rolled up the man's under armor sleeve to reveal the soldier's pale forearm. After measuring out enough to keep the man knocked out for a little while more, he injected him and proceeded in stripping off his own set of armor.

Lucky for him, Red and Blue armor were identical, save for the color and the size of the soldier. All he had to do was pull off his cyan pieces and replace them with the regulation red, and he was indistinguishable from the kid, or any other Red soldier for that matter.

Shifting the boy into the pilot seat, he prepared the shuttle to put him into suspended animation, essentially hyper sleep without the hyperspace travel. As he worked a glint of metal caught his eye and he saw the metal chain wrapped around the boy's neck that had his dog tags attached.

"Tommy Rigby, huh? Well, nice to meet ya Tommy," he said as he replaced his own dog tags with the boy's. Suddenly he felt vulnerable, despite the armor he wore, and the assault rifle in his hand. Deciding it was worth the risk for his short sojourn into enemy territory, Flowers wrapped his own chain and dog tags around his

wrist, tucked away under the flap in his under armor that attached his gloves to his sleeves.

The shuttle's computer gave a warning tone, and Flowers took one last look at his reflection in the mirror on the back of his locker. He was in red armor from head to toe, that bore only a quarter or so the amount of scuffs and scratches and bullet holes that his own did.

"I'll be back to let you out soon, kid."

After muttering this, Flowers opened up the shuttle door and went back into the freezing cold, shutting up his ship which proceeded to put the boy inside into hibernation.

"Up and down, up and downâ€|sheeshâ€|" He grumbled as he clambered back up the path again. He couldn't wait to be back on the side of the mountain where the wind didn't push and pull him, and he wasn't walking through solid feet of snow at the pace of a snail.

He'd have to make this rescue a quick one. A whole base of Red soldiers, he could probably only evade detection for so long.

The wind died and left the eerie quiet of the other side of the mountain. This time Flowers paid less attention to staying concealed, and instead focused on his acting skills. Trying to walk and look totally inconspicuous as he hurried down the mountainside.

The tunnel came into view and as he approached he kicked the snow around, masking the footprints he had made on his way up and down the mountain.

The tunnel he could see into extended through part of the mountain, and seemed to have another tunnel branching off of it, heading down in the direction of the Red base.

'Bingo.'

As he walked along, Flowers tried to look as casual as he could. Tried to walk like someone on a regular, everyday patrol might. Every sound made him snap his head in that direction, but he tried to calm his nerves. Fight and flight plans ran around his head, trying to come up with all the possibilities of getting out of the base alive, should a situation arrive.

And more importantly, how he was going to get the imprisoned blue soldier out of there. He figured his best plan so far was to find the person with the keys to the jail cells, knock them out, steal their armor so that the blue soldier wouldn't die from the Sidewinder cold before he could get him back to the ship, and escape unnoticed.

Assuming everything went off without a hitch of course.

The tunnel was lit by small red floor lights, leaving shadows in the corners, and letting the eyes of patrol guards stay adjusted to the dark at night. Flowers had to wonder if maybe the pride of the Blue team which kept their own floor lights blue might be a mistake. It was obvious that the red lights were a strategically better decision.

'Ah well. Maybe I can suggest it to Blue Command, if I make it out of here alive.'

"Hey Butch Butch, how's it hanging there buddy? Feeling like 007 over there?"

Flowers froze and looked around; making sure that there was no one within view. He pulled himself into a corner that was barely lit and tried to strike a casual pose, as if he was merely a guard who had decided to take a break and lean against the wall for a while. He flicked on his radio, making sure to keep the volume low just in case any of the Reds happened to come by.

"Vic, what are you doing? I'm kinda busy here," he hissed into his mouthpiece.

"Sorry secret Asian man, but Blue Command decided I needed to give you some assistance on your mission." The permanently peppy voice screeched into his ears. Flowers tried to keep from grinding his teeth together and forced himself to listen to whatever command had to tell him.

"Okay Vic, but no taking your time with it. I'm in a rush, and I really don't wanna get caught yet quite yet."

"Right-e-o Flower-o. Blue Command pulled up some maps of the Sidewinder Red base and want me to send them over to your helmet. Ready?"

"Sure. But where did Blue Command get a map of a Red Base?" Flowers asked as a map flickered into the bottom right corner of his visor. He slowly turned his head each direction, watching the map display change to show the hallways and tunnels in that direction.

"Apparently the Blues and Reds have been going back and forth on Sidewinder for the past few months. Last time the Blues got into the Red base they managed to grab some info from their computers and sent copies to Blue Command. You know. Before they all got maimed."

Flowers grimaced at the word 'maimed' but tried to push the thought of possible death and dismemberment from his mind.

"Well Vic, thanks a lot. But I think I better get back to the mission. I should be approaching the main portion of the base, according to your map, and you probably shouldn't call me until I'm safely back at the shuttle and contact you."

"Will do Cap. Good luck to ya!"

Flowers murmured a quick goodbye before shutting his radio to an open short range frequency to make sure he heard anything said by the Reds that could be important. Scanning through the displayed map, he realized that the tunnels didn't branch off until further into the compound. Luckily, this meant he wouldn't get lost.

At least not till he was in the thick of the Red Base.

Great.

He heard the unmistakably heavy thunking of MJOLNIR armor boots and quickly stepped out of the shadows, before adjusting himself and trying to look calm as he strolled down the tunnel, the main room of the compound only one hallway turn away.

The footsteps became louder and Flowers realized the person was coming towards him, down the very hallway upcoming on his right that he would need to head into the base, and find the prison block.

'Deep breaths. Deep, calming breaths. Just focus on relaxing.'

Flowers rounded the corner and came face to face with a man in identical red armor to his. He did a quick scan with his eyes and found the man's armor to have many gunshots and scorches. Obviously this man in regulation red was not a new recruit, like Tommy Rigby. Adding to that was the shotgun strapped to his back.

He immediately stopped and saluted the Red officer, who in turn nodded to him.

"At ease there soldier," he said in a gruff voice with a heavy southern accent.

"Thank you sir."

The Red stopped and cocked his head to the side. Flowers' heartbeat immediately spiked, and he took a few slow breaths, trying to relax and keep his cool.

"I don't think I know ya son. You one o' the new recruits?"

"Yes sir, private Tommy Rigby sir."

Flowers prayed to every deity he could name that Rigby was not a member of this officer's platoon.

"Alright there son. Well you can call me Sarge. Everyone else does anyhow," he laughed with his scratchy voice before patting the spy on his shoulder. The Blue laughed back, trying to reign in the nervousness in his tone of voice.

"So Rigby, why did you join the illustrious ranks of the Red Army?"

Butch's mind raced quickly over any good reasons he could think of. Without knowing who he was talking to, however, limited his choices of responses. Was this guy gungho about the war? Or was he being sarcastic and actually hated it as many older soldiers did?

"Uh, I wanted to kill some dirty Blues," Flowers tried to sound sincere. Then he shook his head in an overly enthusiastic motion, "But I guess I was too late to do it here."

His throat seemed to close up after that as he eagerly awaited the officer's response. This Sarge person just nodded sagely before turning to stand shoulder to shoulder with him, motioning that they



should walk on together, even though it would mean the Red going the same direction he had just come from.

"Now don't you worry your head over that. There's plenty o' Blues out in the universe just a waiting for an ass kicking. You'll get your chance soon enough."

Flowers just muttered a quiet thank you as they continued to walk along. He got to the main area and began to head to the right, reading on his map that the jail block could only be accessed by that hallway.

"Where did you say you were heading to, private?"

"Cell block, sir. I have to serve a watch on guard."

"Alright then. Enjoy warmin up your toes, and watch out for that Blue. He's a snarky son of a bitch," The older man clapped Flowers heavily on the back before heading off in a different direction. A few steps from one of the other doors he paused and looked back at the Blue in disguise. "I got a good feelin bout you son. If you ever need anything, anything at all, you just come to your old pal Sarge and I'll see what I can do for ya."

"Yes sir! Thank you sir!" Flowers said, forcing false youth and idol worship into his voice to please the officer. Who knew when it might come in handy?

At the end of the hallway he found a blast door that was sealed, with a small rectangular window in it. He took a quick look inside and saw that it was an airlock. Meaning that there must be an area beyond that wasn't armor required.

He opened the heavy door using the wheel attached to it, and closed it the same way from the other side. As soon as the locks slid into place he heard a hissing sound. Air being released into the airlock area. He passed on through the next door, but kept his helmet on.

Even if it was safe to breath here, he couldn't risk showing his face. Too much of a chance that someone might realize he wasn't a familiar face. Although the base was large, and if they had new recruits he might be able to pass by unnoticed.

'Not worth the chance though.'

The hallway ended at a t-junction, with the right leading to what Flowers' map showed to be barracks and further along what was most likely the chow hall. To the left he saw what was marked as the prison.

'All right. Here we go. Deep breaths. If you can fool the sergeant, you can fool the prison guard.'

Rubbing his fingers absent mindedly along the assault rifle attached magnetically to his thigh, he swaggered into the prison block and headed towards the only Red there. The man wore a fleshy light orange color and was sitting on a chair at a desk, with his feet propped up and his head leaning against the wall.

The man saw him, his face immediately puckering up into confusion. No doubt questioning the presence of a rookie in the prison.

"Sarge says that he needs an extra man out on patrol right now. Somehow the northern tunnel up on the mountainside doesn't have anyone scheduled right now. I'm here to relieve you."

The man in orange armor looked suspicious, before pulling his feet off of the desk and slamming them to the ground.

"I'm always getting fucking sent out on patrol. This was supposed to be my time on guard duty. Just cause some idiot greenhorns can't take doing a real job like patrol, I have to go out into the fucking cold..."

The man rambled angrily on as he put his helmet back on, grabbed his sniper rifle that had been sitting on the desk, and stormed out.

Flowers felt kind of sorry for the soldier, but was more concerned that he didn't go and ask why he was being sent on patrol. If he didn't meet up with Sarge on the way, everything should go fine. He'd find the northern tunnel's post abandoned, and take it up himself.

The Blue once again thanked military protocol and the general gullibility of most soldiers when they were left with nothing to focus on for extended periods of time. Unclipping his assault rifle he placed it on the desk. He did a quick scan of the area, but found no security cameras.

He has seen a few in the hallways on his way to the airlock, and one placed directly above the doorway that led to the prison block. But it seemed that within the block there were no cameras.

'That doesn't make any sense. This is where they should be most concerned about keeping an eye on. Hmm.'

Very slowly and casually Flowers stretched out and began to wander around the cell block, taking a look through each set of bars. All of them were empty, their doors left ajar. All except one.

In the one sat a young man, in his mid twenties or so, leaning against the corner of the cell. He wore a gray jumpsuit given to prisoners, with a number printed out across the front. His hands were handcuffed together, and his ankles each had a heavy shackle attached.

All of this was typical for POW's. But the rips in the clothes, the scabs covering the man's arms and the blood matting down the hair on one side of his head was not. He looked emaciated, and there was dirt and who knows what else covering him.

After a few minutes of observing the seemingly sleeping prisoner, bright blue eyes peeked out from under blood logged black bangs.

"What the fuck are you looking at Red?"

His voice sounded harsh and raw.

'At least this explains why there are no cameras in here.'

"What's your name soldier?"

Those blue eyes seemed to grow angrier with everything Flowers did, and instead of a response, the man flipped him the bird, and curled back up in on himself, still watching the Red.

"Listen, Iâ€" Flowers paused to look around, before leaning close to the bars and lowering his voice, "I'm Captain Butch Flowers of the Blue Army. I've been sent here to rescue you."

"Well, this is a trick you dickheads haven't tried before," he snorted out. The prisoner just glared back.

"Listen, I know I can't possibly even imagine what you've been through since you were captured, but I really am here to help you. Look at this," Flowers reached into his glove armor and pulled out his dog tags. He began to reach towards a gap in the bars, intending to toss the dog tags to the prisoner. He saw the man's blue eyes fly open and he began to say something but Flowers never heard it.

A piercing burn ran up his arm and he was thrown back, his helmet cracking loudly on the ground. His whole body felt like it was crawling, the electricity shocking him and making his muscles tense up.

"Ow. Oh fuck. Man, what was that?" He said as he sat up, rubbing the arm that he had reached through the bar with. It was twitching, but luckily his armor had taken most of the damage. He didn't think his arm was actually hurt from the shock, his body more surprised by the sudden feeling than really in pain.

"That would be the electrified force field that the bars project, you dumbass," Even as he said this, Flowers saw suspicion and hope creeping into his eyes. He shuffled forward on his hands and knees and picked up the dog tags. He looked intently at them, but then just snorted and tossed them through the bars.

As they passed through the electrical field a few yellowish sparks flew out, and when Flowers picked them up from the ground the metal was still warm.

"That doesn't mean anything. You could have gotten those tags off of a dead Blue anywhere. I told you guys before, and I'm telling you again. I don't know shit of what you're looking for. And even if I did, I wouldn't tell you cocksuckers. You might as well just shoot me now and be done with it. Unless you don't even have the balls for that."

'Oh yeah. This is gonna be a fun mission. I get all the way in here, and this guy doesn't even want to help me.'

"Look, if I were a Red stationed at this base, I could just go look up your name. You had to have had dog tags on you when you were brought in. So what harm could it do to tell me your name? Just, for a second, cut me a little slack and assume that I really am who I claim to be."

The black haired man contemplated this carefully. Obviously, he was smarter than he looked.

"Church. Private Leonard Church."

"It's nice to meet you Private Church. Now, I need to know how to shut off this electrical field so I can bend these bars and get you out of here. I have a shuttle waiting nearby, and I promise, I'm not leaving here till I've got you with me."

Flowers said all this with more conviction than he felt. He also didn't include the part about him being commanded to terminate the prisoner if he was unable to complete the rescue. That little fact would probably not win the boy over to his side.

The angry look had returned to Church's eyes and he seemed to be debating over whether or not to answer.

"Well listen, you can think about it, but for now I have to stay here and guard you until the next watch comes to take his shift. Shouldn't be too much longer since I cut the other guard's shift short. Think about it, and if you decide to trust me, or at least realize that this information could be of no use to a real Red, you can let me know."

Flowers walked over to the desk and took up the same position as the soldier that he had relieved had. It wasn't exactly comfortable, but he figured it was the best he was going to get.

At least that Sarge guy had been right. Everything past the airlock was obviously running on a life support system and the temperature inside was pleasant and warm. It was so warm in fact, that Flowers found himself getting a little too comfortable in his chair. He had been running around with no sleep since he'd come out of hibernation.

"There's a card swiper."

Flowers jumped from his half awake state and almost fell off his chair in the process. He calmed down and realized that Church had begun talking to him. He got up and walked closer to the bars, wanting the prisoner to know that he had his complete attention.

"There is a key card they use, they swipe one and it released the shackles, and they swipe another to turn off the electric field. But to open the gate—"

"Don't worry about the gate. Once the field is off I can just bend those bars enough to let you out. So who has this key card?"

The blue eyes darkened and the man seemed to curl up a little more, looking younger and younger with every passing second. Flowers' heart went out to the boy, much too young to have been put in a situation like this.

"One of the leaders around here. He's an officer, wears standard issue red. Lots of scuffs and scratches on his armor. Speaks with a southern accent. But more importantly, you can't bend these bars. They're made to withstand the strength of MJOLNIR. To open the gate

you'll need to also get the actual physical key from the same man."

'Well, speak of the devil. This might not be as hard as I first thought. Then again, I'm still going to have to get the card off of him. Ah well, at least he trusts me somewhat.'

"I know the one you're talking about. I think I should be able to get the card from him. As soon as the next Red comes and takes the guard shift here, I'll go and get it from him. Then I'm coming back for you, so you better be ready to go," he said with a slightly humorous tone.

The beaten Blue just stared back, suspicious and mistrust still spread across his features clear as day.

Not wanting a Red to enter and see him fraternizing with the enemy, Flowers headed back to the desk and chair and waited patiently for the changing of the guard, and his chance to move this mission along.

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A little over two hours later, the next soldier on duty arrived and relieved Flowers. He was relieved to see that the man wore fresh and shiny regulation red. A rookie and obviously one that hadn't even seen as much action as Tommy Rigby.

Flowers asked him as he was leaving if he had seen the sergeant, but the rookie didn't even know who he was talking about. Figuring it would be best to hurry, and be sure to catch the rookie while he was still the only one standing guard over the prison, Flowers hurried out to the corridor.

He made sure his helmet was sealed tight and passed through the airlock, heading back into the central area of the complex. He waited and listened, hearing heavy footsteps off in one direction.

Still focusing on being as casual as possible, he strolled in the direction of the sounds of MJOLNIR clunking against concrete and soon found two Reds walking down the hallway talking to each other. One wore a dark red, the other wore a tannish brown.

'Experienced soldiers.'

Flowers snapped into a particularly respectful salute and the two Reds stopped to look at him.

"Excuse me sirs, but I'm supposed to report to Sarge but I've been unable to find him. Could you tell me if you know where he is, sirs."

The two snickered to each other, and Flowers was fairly sure he heard the word noob being used, but eventually one commented that he had recently seen the sergeant grabbing food in the mess hall, but that he couldn't be sure he was still there.

The Blue saluted respectfully and hurried as quickly as he could while still keeping his cool exterior intact back the way he came. He flew through the airlocks, both doors slamming loudly as he rushed

through them. As he came to the t-junction he began to swing to the right, the opposite direction of the prison.

Just as quickly he stopped himself and retreated behind the corner. Further down the hall was his quarry himself. At least, he hoped so. The armor was the right color, and had a sufficient amount of hits, but he couldn't be totally sure.

Luckily the Red's back was to him, and he was walking in the other direction. Carefully Flowers crept down the hallway, which was blissfully quiet in the middle of the day, while most men were at their posts. The sergeant continued on, and as he managed to get closer, he saw a shotgun strapped to the man's back.

This was Sarge alright. No mistaking that now. As he took another turn, the sergeant pushed open a door on his left. Not wanting to risk loosing him, Flowers hurried down the hall. The door had another of the rectangular windows in it, and propping himself up on his toes he took a careful look inside only to see rows and rows of lockers. And the sergeant was nowhere to be seen.

Flowers opened the door, making as little noise as he could. As soon as he entered his visor immediately fogged up, leaving him essentially blind. He flipped it up, but found the humid air of the shower room stifling. He pulled his helmet off and stuffed it under his arm.

The floor in here was grated, with metal grates just like in most shower rooms. The captain knew he'd be heard the minute his armored boots hit the ground, so he slowly removed them, and carrying them in one hand he snuck inside. From where the door opened, there was a small hallway of lockers, which ended in a few shower stalls. Looking left and right he saw that there were more cubicles of lockers on each side, three altogether.

He heard quiet humming, and the heavy clanking of pieces of armor dropping to the grated floor. Flowers quickly hunched over and crawled forward, crouching along the side of one of the rows of lockers. He listened closely and determined that there was no one in the shower room but he and the sergeant.

This was as good a chance as he was going to get to steal that key card. He could sneak up on the man without his armor on and easily knock him out. Then he could take the card and key, knock out the guard, and spring the prisoner.

Some little voice in the back of his head suggested that he could kill the sergeant after knocking him out, ensuring that he wouldn't be pursued. But another just as vehemently opposed this, knowing that the man was just doing his job, and happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong keys in his possession.

When he could no longer hear any clanking of armor, Flowers prepared himself. He placed his helmet very softly down on the bench that sat in the middle of the miniature hallway formed by the two sets of lockers facing each other. His boots followed.

Sneaking around the edge of the lockers, Flowers leapt out and was prepared to leap upon the sergeant. Instead he simply found a pile of red damaged armor in a pile on the floor and the bench of this

section of lockers.

'Where the hell?'

Flowers looked around, tense and ready to go. Never one to overlook a golden opportunity, he approached the belt that was laid out so very nicely on the locker bench. He was about to open up the compartments, searching for the key card, when he heard a throat clear itself behind him.

To say he leapt about three feet straight up would not be too much of a hyperbole.

Whirling around Flowers found his ponytail catching up to him and flopping against his neck. Had he done so intentionally, it could be considered quite a fetching move.

Standing in front of him was an older man, obviously in his forties or so. His hair was once dark, but was now mostly a salt and peppery gray color. It was still in a perfect crew-cut, as if the man had just stepped out of boot camp. His chin was speckled with dark gray stubble, and he had surprisingly light brown eyes, edging on the side of gold.

His body was well built and his dog tags hung down on well defined pecs. On the same chain rested a metallic key.

'That's gotta be it.'

He only wore a small white towel around his waist, and Flowers was given an eyeful of the many battle scars the man bore on his body like ingrained medals.

"S-Sir!" Flowers saluted, his steam logged bangs falling into his eyes and causing him to try and blow them back to position.

"Anything I can help ya with privateâ€|?" He said gruffly, crossing his arms across his chest. Flowers found the fact that a man wearing nothing but a ratty little standard issue could be that intimidating quite impressive.

"Private Rigby sir. I mean, Sarge. We met earlier."

Immediately those cold honeyed eyes seemed to warm up a bit.

"Ah Rigby. Didn't think I'd see ya again so soon. Sorry I didn't recognize ya."

"No problem Sarge. I heard someone else in here and thought I'd see how it was," he motioned helplessly towards the pile of armor.

"Of course. Well then soldier, I suppose you'll be joining me for a relaxing shower then?"

Not waiting for an answer, the sergeant walked towards the showers. But not before giving a small smirk in Flowers' direction.

Flowers was still in too much shock to realize that he could have easily knocked out the Red right there and then and stolen the

keycard. He was much too focused on the smirk.

That was not a normal friendly smirk. That was almostâ€¦inviting?

'Oh well, no time to think about that. I have to get those keys.'

With a loud bang the door opened, and another Red soldier entered. He nodded to Flowers, who stood there uncomfortably. The man was heading to the same set of lockers where the sergeant had left his armor, and the Blue quickly vacated, heading back to his boots and helmet.

He couldn't risk knocking out the sergeant if there was another Red in the room. If he didn't take both of them out one would set off the alarms.

Flowers decided that subterfuge and espionage could be the better route in a situation like this, and he began stripping out of his armor and placing it on the bench with the rest.

And, although he didn't want to admit it, he wanted to know more about that smirk.

Pulling open a few lockers Flowers wasn't able to find a towel and eventually decided to just forget about it. He had hidden his own tags in his under armor, and stuffed the suit into one of the open lockers. Tommy Rigby's tags sat heavily on his chest, and he found himself glancing down at them, as if they would somehow look out of place and give him away. Traitorous little plates of metal.

The last thing he did as he entered the shower area, passing into a humid cloud of steam, was to take out the tie from his hair, letting it fall loosely around his neck and onto his collarbone.

The shower room was set up with showerheads coming off of the walls, with two short walls on the sides that only reached up to a man's chest level. On the fourth side was a shower curtain hung on a metal pole that one had to duck under to get in.

Sarge was standing under one of the nozzles, which was blasting hot water on full, and the shower stall next to him was also turned on, its water already heated up as well. Flowers came up and stood outside, before asking if anyone was using that particular stall. Sarge made a sweeping gesture to say that it was all Flower's.

As he ducked under the pole and under the hot water, the Blue captain was suddenly reminded that he hadn't had a real shower in weeks. His body may have been in hibernation, but he still felt like he had accumulated almost a month's worth of grossness on his skin. The hot water almost felt too good to be real, and he tilted his head back, feeling it on his neck and chest.

He was not oblivious to his surroundings though. He listened intently to the actions of the other Red soldier in the locker room. As he brought his head under the shower nozzle and let the water bring his hair down around his face, he snuck a look at his shower buddy.

The sergeant's eyes were very carefully watching from their corners. Feeling suddenly like he was on display, Flowers reached forward and



placed his palms flat against the tiled wall, flexing his shoulder muscles under the hot stream. The Red couldn't help but turn his head a bit more, and now even through his curtain of wet hair Flowers could make out the appreciation and inklings of desire in that look.

This was, after all, the army. One didn't have to be gay to want some action from anyone attractive enough if you were separated from women for long enough. And from what he'd seen at this base so far, there were no female soldiers posted here.

Clunking footsteps signaled the soldier's exit, and Flowers waited for the door to close again before he brought his hands up and raked his fingers through his hair, letting it plaster itself against the back of his neck as he leaned his face into the water again.

Pulling back just a little, Flowers let out a content sigh and finally looked directly over the short partition wall to Sarge. Except the Red was not there.

There was the loud clinking of curtain rings against a metal pole, and Flowers just stood perfectly still under the hot spray, until he felt calloused fingers run brazenly along the inner line of his right thigh.

He shuddered and stuck out a hand to brace himself against the wall as another hand gripped his hips firmly, the hands large and firm against his skin.

"Ya know private, I get the feeling that you were doing that there on purposeâ€¦" The gravelly voice practically purred into his ear.

He could feel the cooler droplets falling off of Sarge's body to drip onto his back and causing him to move further under the hot water.

The Red's hands found their way along the curves and crevices of Flower's body until they met linked across his stomach. Sarge's chest was pressed against Flowers' back, and he could very distinctly feel just how long the Red had been without a person's touch.

"Now son, I don't take advantage of people. If you just happen to look like a sex deprived horny fucker when you shower, and aren't interested, now's the time to speak up."

Somewhere in Flowers' mind he wondered if he would have made a good spy. If he had trained for it. Apparently he had down the whole secret agent seduction thing.

Instead of answering in words, the Blue traced his fingers along Sarge's muscly forearm and hands, before pressing his slick hands down along his stomach, inching them down to where Flowers knew a definite answer to the sergeant's question lied.

Quick as if an alarm had gone off, Flowers found himself spun around, and his back pressed against the cool tile wall. He was quickly followed by the sergeant's body, which pressed up against him.

Pausing from his movement for a second, Sarge looked into Flowers'

eyes. They were almost the same height, with the Red only having an inch or so on his opponent. He leaned forward, but bypassed the Blue's lips in favor of licking along his wet chin.

Flowers groaned and thrust forward against the hot body caging his against the tile wall as the Red began to bite his way down his neck. He found his leg rising seemingly of its own accord to wrap around the older man's leg. This caused the Blue to spread himself wider open, and Sarge took the advantage to press himself further against the man in front of him.

Feeling the dull press of the other man's cock against the underside of his own had Flowers shouting out something indistinguishable, and his hips snapped forward, grinding himself against the other man. The warm water slicked their bodies and let them rub and slide faster against each other.

A bite to his nipple had Flowers whole heartedly gasping, and his hands quickly snapped out to grab onto the man's short hair. Not finding enough purchase there he slid down and held the back of the sergeant's neck, pressing him closer and keeping him where he was, tongue and teeth alternating their teasing of that particularly sensitive point on his body.

"Pleaseâ€¦can'tâ€¦take too longâ€¦" He said, his voice rougher and more gravelly than it had been. The Red didn't need to be told twice.

Flowers was spun around again and found his face pressed against the tile and his fingers scrambling for purchase on the slick surface. A single finger ran up the inside of his thigh and he groaned, slipping one of his hands down to rub along his cock, trying to distract himself from what he knew was coming.

"You done this before Rigby?" The harsh voice returned to his ear again, the graze of stubble against the shell of his ear causing him to shudder and speed up the pumps on his own cock.

"Yes sir."

Flowers felt the sergeant's finger slip into his crack before gently pushing against his entrance. He relaxed and kept stroking himself, providing a distraction from the discomfort of being stretched out. The finger pressed further into him and he had to control his hips from bucking back, trying to rush the process.

The Blue hadn't been lying about being with a man before, and knew what was coming. He was also not completely delusional, and knew that his body was screaming for this kind of touch. The calloused finger stretched him out, but avoided curving in the right direction to hit his prostate.

"Sargeâ€¦come on. I'm ready."

Apparently not needing anymore instruction, Flowers felt the tip of Sarge's erection pressing up against his loosened hole. He released his own cock and reached behind him to grab at the bigger man's hips, trying to control him and help ease him in slowly.

Despite his build and the way he held himself, Sarge was slow and

patient as he pressed himself further into the smaller soldier. He slipped his hand between the wet tiles and Flowers' hips and gripped the man's waning erection, stroking it quickly and bringing it back to its full hardness.

The Blue panted below him, his breath fogging up the tiles next to his lips. As the Red began to pull out and push back into him, Flowers let out a strangled choked noise. But his grip on the other man's hips only tightened, urging him to go faster.

Their rhythm quickened, and Sarge's one free hand soon met Flowers' against the tile wall, giving him more leverage to speed up his pistoning in and out of the other man's body. The friction was driving Flowers mad, and the rough strong hand pumping his erection was doing nothing to help. He let out a cry as he came, the other man's hand milking him against the tiles warmed by his own body heat.

His body slumped and relaxed even more, as the sergeant pushed hard and fast as he brought himself to completion, the feeling of him coming within Flowers causing him to shudder and relax himself completely. The Red felt the other man losing his ability to hold himself up and used his arms to hold him up. He pulled slowly out of the other man, letting the warm water, which was rapidly chilling, to wash himself off.

"Thank you Sarge."

The Red was beginning to say something when Flowers turned and closed the distance between them, his lips pressing against the other man's, slick with water and spit and sweat. The kiss was harsh and Flowers was completely in command of it. He brought his hands up to the sides of the sergeant's heads.

With a quick snap, he slammed Sarge's head against the metal pole that the shower curtain hung from. In his post coital bliss, the Red's relaxed body put up no resistance and his skull smacked hard against the metal, causing the sound to reverberate and echo throughout the shower room.

Flowers wasted no time in ripping the man's chain off his neck and running over his body. He was kind enough to turn off the nozzle as he passed, and pushed the limp body further into the shower, so that it would escape detection for at least a little while longer.

His wet feet slapping along the grating, Flowers ran to the pile of red armor and searched through the belt compartments until he came across three key cards. Grabbing them all he rushed back to his locker and put on his under armor in record time. The suit would dry off his body, so he ignored the fact that he was still dripping wet.

Putting on his MJOLNIR armor he ran out of the shower, just snapping his stolen helmet on as he ran out. In the hallway he had to remind himself to walk regularly back to the prison. The sergeant's tags and keys were clutched in his fist, hidden from view, and in his belt were the three key cards.

He took a few breaths, his body still buzzing on its afterglow, and making him a bit shakier on his feet than he would like during a

rescue mission. He rested his hand on his rifle again, before entering the prison block and walking up to the rookie, who was still sitting behind the desk.

"Hey, how's guard duty?" "oh my God! The prisoner!"

The Red rookie stood up and turned to look at the cell where Church was kept, only to have the butt of an assault rifle slam into the back of his head, knocking him out and to the ground.

"What the fuck!" The Blue prisoner yelled as he saw one Red attacking another.

Flowers went to the card swipe and took the three key cards, trying each one and looking over to the bars to see if the electricity had been shut off yet.

"How do you tell when it works?" He yelled to Church. The Blue had finally stood up, and was gaping like a fish at the possibility that he might actually be getting out of this jail cell.

"You can hear the difference. The buzzing of the electricity stops."

Flowers tried the final card and heard a quieting of the omnipresent sound that he had not even realized was there. Throwing the other two cards to the ground, he took that one and swiped it in all the other available slots, until he heard the metallic clank of shackles and handcuffs releasing.

He ran over and pulled out the sergeant's chain, putting the key into the lock and opening the gate.

"How the hell did you get the keys from that guy?" Church yelled into his face as he ran out of the cell.

"You don't wanna know. Now quick, help me get this guy out of his armor. You'll need it if you're gonna keep from freezing to death on the way to my shuttle."

Church didn't hesitate this time, bending down and helping to undo the man's armor clasps and strip him of the tight under armor. As he dressed himself in the Red's suit, Flowers stood up and peaked around the corner into the hallway. All was quiet, and the door to the shower remained shut. His eyes were trained on it, even though he knew the man should remain knocked out for at least a little while longer.

"You almost ready to go soldier?" He asked, putting on his best 'captaining' voice. Church stood up, only his helmet left to put on and nodded.

"Follow me and be quick, but try and look casual. Until Sarge wakes up and raises the alarm we shouldn't have anyone suspecting us."

His fellow Blue nodded and reached down to take the man's pistol from where it had landed next to his unconscious body. He checked it to see how much ammo was left in the clip before walking up and standing next to the captain.

"Alright, here goes nothing."

Flowers walked out, looking the picture of normal, with a slightly shaky Church behind him. The malnutrition and the wearing of someone else's armor was throwing him off, but he tried to mimic the other Blue as they went down the cement hallways.

Reaching the airlock Flowers double checked his helmet's seal again, out of habit. He saw Church do the same out of the corner of his eye.

They went through the airlock, and seemed to pass through the main section of the base in a kind of haze. Everything was totally silent. This felt less like an escape and more like taking a stroll. The two kept a measured pace, staying near each other, but with Church set slightly back. He watched the Blue captain occasionally graze his hand against the assault rifle stuck on his thigh.

As they went down the halls, Flowers tried to go by memory, but was constantly rechecking his map just to be sure that they were going in the right direction.

"We're not far, Church. Just down this tunnel, and then a quick nature hike up the mountain. My ship's right on the other side."

"If you say so."

Flowers hoped that whatever Church had been made to go through wouldn't keep affecting the soldier this way after they got off of the planet. He was obviously not too important to Blue Command if they had issued the order that he should be killed if he couldn't be rescued, so Flowers wondered if he could get him stationed alongside him at Blood Gulch. The soldier was obviously hearty.

As they walked up the slightly sloping tunnel, a blaring sounds burst out of the speakers and emergency lights began to flash.

"Oh crap." The two Blues said in unison.

"Attention all personnel, we have a security breach. The prisoner has escaped. We have reason to believe he and his accomplice are wearing regulation red armor. Apprehend all soldiers in regulation red, and check dog tags. We are looking for a Tommy Rigby and his accomplice."

Flowers heard the report go over the open channel and immediately began to run faster than before. Church managed to catch up, and the two Blues pulled out their weapons and began to check up and down the tunnel they were in, hoping they were far enough outside of the base to not encounter any serious resistance.

They ran flat out, Flowers knowing that they were nearing the exit, hidden from them by one final curve in the tunnel. As they pealed around, a man in a light orange armor appeared at the exit of the tunnel, his outline sharp against the snowy background of the mountainsides.

Flowers grabbed Church and flung him back, the two of them with their backs pressed up against the wall behind them. Flowers peaked around the corner and saw that the soldier had taken up his position at the

end of the tunnel and was guarding it, his sniper rifle ready and aimed right towards the corner where they were hiding.

"Son of a bitch!"

Flowers' eyes darted around, looking for cover or anything that could help them. The sirens blared in his ears and the walls around him flashed from red to black, disorienting and making it harder for him to concentrate.

Suddenly the body next to him pulled away. Church took off his helmet, his cheeks puffed out with his breath held. He tossed the helmet into the hallway, and it was hit with a sniper bullet, hitting it like a sheet shot out of the sky. Taking advantage of the distraction, he pulled around the corner and fired off five shots with his pistol.

Flowers just watched with his mouth hanging open as the younger Blue ran over and grabbed his helmet, slightly dented but still functional and snapped it back on. Realizing that Church had killed the obstacle to their escape, Captain Flowers finally snapped out of it and ran out into the tunnel, running along with the other Blue out onto the mountainside.

"Nice shot there kid."

The trek up seemed to take forever, even as Flowers knew that this time he and his companion were running as fast as they possibly could up the mountainside. As they went over the top the wind was still raging and the snow became a blinding white curtain.

"It's right down here!" Flowers yelled over the blizzard winds.

The track that the Blue had carved in the snow drifts with his body had been almost completely filled in with the newest snowstorm. The shuttle was half covered in recently formed snow banks, but luckily the metal that was still poking through was obvious against the blank whiteness of the rest of the planet.

Flowers pushed the snow far enough away that he could open the door, he and Church piling into the shuttle.

"Quick Church, get outside and try to clear some of the snow off the shuttle," Flowers' eyes went immediately to the unconscious body of the man still laying on the floor of the shuttle.

Church listened to the captain and began sweeping snow off the top of the small spacecraft, and digging under the nose of the ship to free it from the snow drifts. Inside, Flowers began the start up sequence for the ship. At the same time he pulled off his helmet and chest plate, reattaching them to the under armor that the hibernating Tommy Rigby still wore. He quickly grabbed his own cyan helmet and put it on his head before opening the door of the shuttle again.

'The under armor will keep him from freezing to death long enough for the others to find him.'

Not having time for subtlety, Flowers heaved the man's partially armored body out into the snow, and detached the rest of the red armor that was clinging to him, throwing it out into the snow. The

shuttle's control panel began to flash all green lights and he hurried even more, throwing the rest of the armor outside.

"Come on Church, we gotta go!"

The other soldier hopped in and the door sealed shut behind him. Ignoring the fact that he must have looked silly with only a helmet and under armor on, Flowers took his seat in the cockpit and snapped his seatbelt on.

"Hold on!"

The shuttle shook and heaved forward, plowing down in the snow bank as Flowers tried to pull the nose up as the thrusters kicked in. The heat of the engines was enough to melt some of the snow, and free up the ship. Flowers couldn't help but smile like an idiot as the ship began to get airborne, being pulled back and forth in the turbulent blizzard winds.

Something shiny and blue went flying by the ship's windows.

"Holy fuck! Was that a plasma grenade?" Church yelled out, grabbing onto Flowers' shoulder as he looked out the front windows.

"That's sure what it looked like, huh?" Flowers said oddly calmly. He punched in the controls for the ship to put forth more boost, and soon they were high enough to not have to worry about any grenade throws reaching them.

With a heavy sigh, the Blue captain removed his helmet and tossed it back onto the pile of his armor that sat further back in the shuttle. There was the slightly nauseating jerk as the shuttle exited Sidewinder's gravitational field, but then it was the pleasant feeling of artificial gravity as the shuttle broke from orbit and began its journey on the new course that Captain Flowers was typing in at the console.

"Lookâ€¦I-I'm sorry. For, you know, giving you a hard time and not believing you and shit," Church said as he pulled his helmet off, his hair sticking in weird angles. He began to pull off the red armor and opened up the lockers, finding an empty one and putting the red armor into it.

"No problem. It was the way a good soldier should have responded. Reds can be tricky sometimesâ€¦you know, if you find a smart enough one."

The younger man barely cracked a smile before sitting down in the only other seat on the shuttle.

"So Church. How'd you like to come to Blood Gulch with me?"

Church just looked up, utterly confused at the sudden invitation. He gaped for a minute or so before he gave a jolty nod, and a falsely uninterested shrug.

"Sure, I guess. Not like I have anywhere else to go right now."

Flowers typed in a short message to Blue Command. Infiltration

success. Prisoner rescued. Prisoner has been recruited into Captain Flowers' platoon on Blood Gulch. Will report when shuttle has arrived on Blood Gulch. Over and out.

"Oh and Private Church," he began as he typed in the commands for the shuttle to put both soldiers into hibernation until they reached their destination. "I'm recommending you to Blue Command to get your own color armor. You deserve it after everything you went through. You have any preferences?"

Recognizing the signs of a shuttle preparing for hibernation, Church strapped himself into the extra shuttle seat as he thought silently about the captain's question.

"I guess cobalt's always been a pretty cool choice. I wouldn't mind that for an armor color. You know, if I have to pick one."

Flowers just laughed softly at the privates attempts to act cool. He finished the preparations and let the shuttle take over, a peaceful sensation easing him into a sleep that left him more relaxed than he'd been since he woke up from his first hibernation.

'At least Blood Gulch is warmer. And hopefully the Reds there won't be as...distracting...'

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The end!!

Alas, poor Flowers. If only you knew what the future had in store for you.

So yeah, pre-series, though maybe not as far back as you would have expected. Tweaked the storyline a bit, but I tried to keep to the cannon if I could.

Damn, Flowers is a bitch to write. Guess cause he only has like five minutes of un-posessed screen time in the series. I hope you all enjoyed it.

The whole idea for this fic came from the idea of Church being left on Sidewinder with every single Blue killed by Tex. And Sarge mentions once in season 1, right before Church possesses his body that "I haven't seen troop movements this coordinated since my days on Sidewinder" and is cut off. So yeah, a plotbunny was born.

Anyway, this was for a prompt challenge with a Red vs Blue slash community. If you don't like slash, that's your right. Please be polite if you feel the need to tell me this.

Please review! I like knowing what people think of anything I write. Critique or comments, anything you like. Later readers!

End  
file.